And conquer'd it, Cassibelan., thine uncle[7], (Famous in Caesar's praises, no whit less Than in his feats deserving it,) for him, And his succession, granted Rome a tribute. Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately Is left untender'd.

QUEEN. And, to kill the marvel, Shall be so ever.

CLO. There be many Csesars, Ere such another Julius. Britain is A world by itself; and we will nothing pay, For wearing our own noses.

QUEEN. That opportunity, Which then they had to take from us, to resume We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege, The kings your ancestors ; together with The natural bravery of your isle ; which stands As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in With rocks unscaleable [8], and roaring waters ; With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats, But suck them up to the top-mast. A kind of conquest Caesar made here ; but made not here his brag Of, *came,* and *saw,* and *overcame :* with shame (The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,

7 —thine uncle,] Cassibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline* who was son to Ten an this, the nephew of Cassibelan. See p. 9, n. 7. MALONE.

[8] With ROCKS unscaleable,] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's. The old editions have :

" With *oaks* unscaleable." JOHNSON.

" The strength of our land consists of our seamen in their wooden forts and castles ; our *rocks,* shelves, and *sirtes,* that lye along our coasts; and our trayned bands/* From chapter 109 of BariftVs Military Discipline, 1689, seemingly from Tooke's Legend of Britonmrt. TOLLET.